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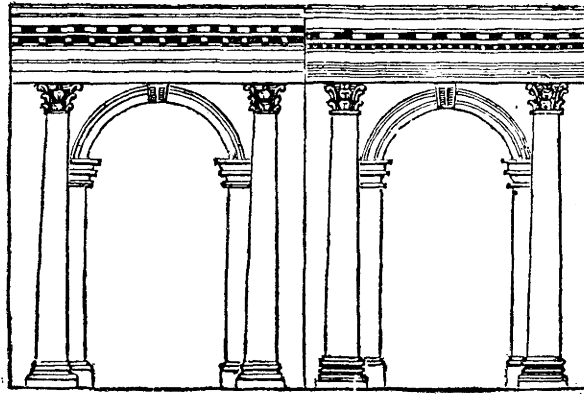
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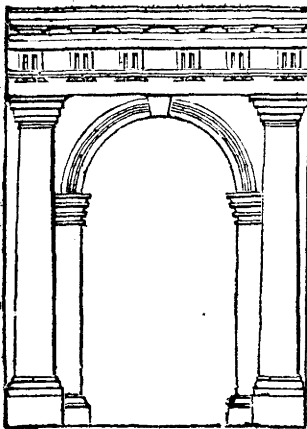
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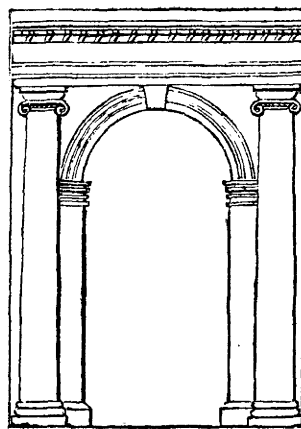


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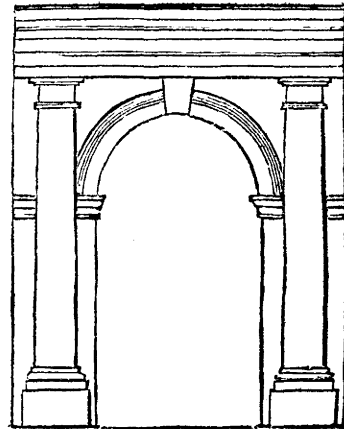
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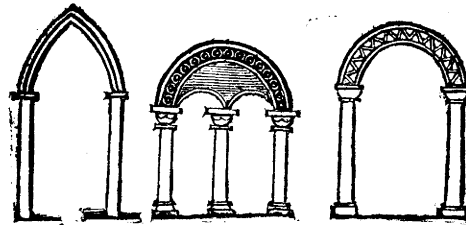
DORIC ARCH.



IONIC ARCH.



TUSCAN ARCH.

COMMON
GOTHIC ARCH.

SAXON ARCHES.

The foregoing sketch and engravings, for which we are principally indebted to the article on "Architecture" in the London Encyclopædia, (being the best that we could find upon the subject,) will enable those of our kind correspondents who occasionally furnish us with drawings, to state the particular order to which the building belongs, as well as afford the general reader an idea of the description of building, &c. he may meet with from time to time in the Journal.

THE INCONSTANT.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

Gentle reader, have you ever in the course of your wanderings, passed through the pretty little picturesque town of Cullen? It is, without any exception, the neatest and cleanliest collection of residences to be found in our Emerald Isle. It must be admitted, indeed, that we Irish, take us for all in all, are as partial to mud and dunghills as those over modest and unobtrusive animals yclept pigs.

Where will you see a genuine Irish cabin that has not its stagnant pool, in which perchance the rising generation of children and ducks perform daily, nay hourly ablutions? and which the owner might remove with little trouble—"bud thin what id becom ov the crathurs for a place to swim in?" Where will you see a regular "pisant" without his face being innocent of washing, and perfectly free from the imputation of over exactness? unless, indeed, he is about to pay a visit to a *fair* or a *fair one*, for then the knobs of mud are carefully scraped off his brogues, and they present a shining, well-greased appearance, while his visage is shaved and polished with the most scrupulous nicety—as "the boy id like to show dacint afore the colleen." Where will you see—but stop—stop! whither are we wandering? This is no place for dissertations on a subject so trite as Hibernian carelessness of appearance, or in other words, of Irish filth! We were speaking of the town of Cullen. It is a few miles beyond Slane, beautifully situated and all that—(for we decidedly eschew descriptions of places), and presenting to the eye an elegantly arranged set of—we don't know what to term them,

as they are above the appellation of cabins or cottages, and do not aspire to the dignity of houses—however, they are pretty residences enough, some having woodbine and passion-flower growing into their little casements, and others with their fronts of spotless white, dazzling the eyes as they catch the blazing beams of the mid-day sun.

On a beautiful evening in October, when the western heaven was in all the glory of sun-set, a pretty girl might be observed to leave one of those whose trellised lattice was peering out from the overhanging wreaths of jasmine. She looked round cautiously, to see that she was not particularly observed, and then tripped lightly on to the extremity of the town, exchanging many a nod and "good evenin' to you" as she passed. There is a romantic and beautiful demesne situated at some little distance from Cullen, which we believe is now the property of Lord Oriel, who resides in the town, contributing much by his presence to its neat and orderly arrangement—at the period of which we speak there was much more of wood in it than at present, and it was a favourite haunt of all those who had a taste for the wild beauties of nature, or whose hearts had been susceptible to the charms of the little winged god. Thither she bent her footsteps, and had scarcely entered the precincts of a large shrubbery that afforded a delightful shade at mid-day from the scorching sun, when a fine but fiery looking youth bounded forward to meet her, and having exchanged salutations and drawn her arm within his, they continued their walk together. He had been evidently for some time expecting her arrival, for the frown of uncertainty which was scarcely banished by the joyous smile that lit up his features on her approach, told of the impatience with which he had been waiting.

"Well, Maggie, anillich," said he as they proceeded along, "I'm shure you kep' me waitin' long enough, any how—you promised you'd cum an hour ago."

"Indeed an' that's thrue for you, Tom," answered she in a sweet low tone, "an' I was frettin' fur fear you'd go off athout seein' me, fur my father was watchin', as iv he knew you wor in the town—bud how comes id that you're not in rizimintals, as you have been sence you wor so foolish as to list?"

"I thought these id be less remarkable, Maggie; bud isn't it cruel ov you to reproach me wid turnin' sojer, whin you knew how I was situated?"

"Reproach you, Tom," she eagerly interrupted, turning round her eyes so as to look fully at him—"Dear knows I meant it not that-a-way, bud its the thought ov our bein' obleeged to separate that makes me spake warmer nor usual."

"Oh, Maggie darlin'!" bitterly exclaimed he, pressing her hands convulsively in both of his, "why must I be forced to lave you, an' go wandher thro' the wide world, whin others, that once had no better prospects than myself, can stay at home an' be happy?"

The deep feeling with which this sentence was uttered brought tears into her eyes, and still thinking of his enlistment with sorrow, she sobbed, though not reproachfully—

"Iv you hadn't been so hasty, Tom, all might be well."

"Hadn't been so hasty!" reiterated he, stamping on the ground, and pressing her hands so tightly as to hurt them—"What could I do? Where could I turn to? Who could I ask assistance from? livin' as I was dependant on a step-father who hated me—atin' a male that I knew his heart grudged tho' his hand gev id—athout other kith or kin to look up to fur shelter. Oh Maggie, Maggie, don't—don't say I was hasty whin you think ov that."

On hearing him speak thus, her emotions could be no longer repressed, and she turned her face to his shoulder and burst into tears. At this the passion which had arisen instantly became stilled, and he strove to comfort her in a soothing tone of voice that, contrasted with the late harshness, seemed soft and even melodious.

"Maggie, Maggie, don't cry so!" exclaimed he—"I couldn't help spakin', fur I'd choke iv I didn't say id!—Bud never fear, we'll be happy yet, Maggie—I'll gain a fortune worthy of my good little girl, an' thin no power can separate us."

She raised her head from his shoulder, and a bright and

beautiful beam of anticipated joy danced in her soft black eyes, even at the moment when the last tear-drop fell from their silken fringe. Her heart was full of hope, that sweet enchantress, who whispers consolation in the ear of the despairing—and her newly awakened joy found utterance in broken accents that breathed a world of tenderness and truth.

The final, long, and lingering farewell was breathed again and again—the severed ring was divided, and one sunny lock that a moment before had decked her snowy brow, was given as a remembrance—yet they still remained—too agitated to speak, and as if neither dared to be the first to move! At length, pressing both her hands to his lips and to his heart, he faltered out, "Heaven bless my darlin' Maggie!" and then suddenly released them, and rushed away, as if not daring to trust his firmness any longer. She stood for a moment, looking in the direction where he had disappeared, as if rooted to the spot, and then sighing heavily, moved listlessly in the opposite direction.

The following morning the entire population of Cullen seemed assembled outside the small—barrack, we believe we may call it—where a troop of soldiers were getting ready for departure. The women wept, and the men pressed each other's hands warmly as the order was given to march, and many a heart was sad as the military-looking array passed down the principal street. When they came opposite the house which Maggie had left the evening before, the lattice was opened, and her figure was seen bending forth through the thick clusters of jasmine and woodbine, which she pushed aside with her hand:—at this one of the soldiers, who was in the rear, turned round and waved his hand, while a tear fell hotly on his manly cheek. Another moment passed, and they were hidden from view by a turning in the road, and a choking sob burst from her bosom as she left the window, and sitting on her low pallet, with its spotless coverlid pressed both her hands to her burning eyes, and wept in silence over her young heart's bereavement. Such, reader, was the parting of Maggie and her lover!

Maggie, as we shall in future call her, as we hate formal Margaret, was the youngest and prettiest of Mr. Keenan's two daughters. He was for many years a widower, and latterly had scarcely felt the loss of his wife in the society of her and Jane, the elder sister; for as they were both warmly attached to him, they made it the study of their lives to render him as happy as possible. The first disagreement they almost ever had was on the discovery of the attachment between his younger daughter and Tom Higgins, the dependant on the bounty of his step-father, who was always hated by Keenan, though we believe he himself could not assign any reason for his strange antipathy. This youth, in early life, was so unfortunate as to lose his father, who died suddenly, leaving a widow and child both unprovided for; and on her second marriage, shortly after, began to feel the miseries of dependence—we say began, because it was not until a new family gradually sprang up around him that he encountered the real slights and neglects that every one in a like situation is almost certain of having to endure. He was naturally very high spirited, and of a violent and hasty temper, and so was doubly disqualified to endure the thousand petty insults that were daily heaped upon him. He was poor—a mere dependant, and did not know whither to fly—and on a recruiting party coming through the town, goaded with hourly mortifications, he followed and enlisted.

Poor Maggie wept bitterly when she heard of this step being taken; but he himself did not know the extent of the sacrifice until one month after the regiment he had joined was ordered on foreign service. But then repining was useless—go he must, and his bitterest pang was the thought of being parted from her for such a long period of time, and not knowing but that he might never return. When Maggie's father heard of his departure, he was delighted, as knowing the fickle nature of most female minds—observe, ladies! we do not say of all—he deemed that she would soon cease to remember the absent lover in the presence of another of his choice, whom he was determined to provide. We are but simple narrators of facts,

and so shall not attempt to pry into the gradual change that came over her as time and distance placed their bar between her lover and his home. At first she grew pale, and thin, and melancholy—then her colour began slowly to return, and her dress to be arranged on Sundays as neatly and with as much care as ever—then her easy vivacity of manner and cheerfulness returned, and then—oh, womankind!—she was more than once seen listening with an evidently pleased ear to the whispers of Pat Daly, a young and thriving farmer, whom her father favoured on account of his wealth. Six short months elapsed, and rumour was busy with a whispered tale of her approaching marriage; and in the middle of the seventh the day was actually appointed, and every preparation made for a “raal rattlin’ splicin’ match.”

It was the night previous to the day appointed for the ceremony to take place—the silver moon sailed along the blue vault of heaven, and shed a bright beam of light through the open casement where Maggie sat, with her cheek leaning on her hand, unmindful of the chill night air, and deeply musing. Her face looked, indeed, lovely in that pale cold light, and the clusters of her bright hair being flung back from her temples, hung gracefully on her neck. It appeared as if, in the silence of the night, she had sat down to think of him who was far away, and whose form used to be always present to her mind. A conflict of various feelings agitated her once peaceful bosom, and it heaved with deep sighs as she drew forth a small black ribbon, to which was fastened a broken ring. It was the pledge of truth and faith—a pledge that she was on the point of breaking—and as she gazed on it, an unbidden tear dimmed her sight, and fell hot and scalding on the hand that held it forth? It was one of the last sincere tributes that came from her very soul to the shrine of unrequited and undecayed affection, for at that moment a light finger was laid on her shoulder, and her sister’s cheerful voice rang in her ears as she exclaimed—

“What in the name ov wondher are you dhramin’ ov, Maggie, an’ I here this five minits, an’ you never knew id?”

She passed her hands rapidly across her eyes, to brush off her tears—smiled, but her smile was wan, and passed not the lip; and at last, unable any longer to feign what she did not feel, she stood up, and putting her arms round her sister’s neck, hid her face in her bosom, and wept silently and without restraint. Jane, not knowing the feelings that urged them forth, and deeming they were but the tears of weakness generally shed by females about to leave their home and trust in the protection of a stranger, was not much alarmed, and soon succeeded in calming her; and then placing her sitting on a low chair, she knelt at her feet and soon busied herself in the opening of a box that contained the white and stainless wedding dress which had just arrived as a present from Pat Daly.

“There—there!” she rapidly uttered as she turned over the contents—“look at that, Maggie—isn’t it a nice dhress? I’m shure you’ll look elegant in id—an’ these white roses too fur yer hair—mush! bud he’s the nate taste anyhow;—look, Maggie, what nathural looking flowers they are—let me fix thim in for a minit, jist till we see how they’ll do. Oh! you’re killin’ entirely now, an’ ill be glad yet you didn’t throw yerself away on that poor Higgins.”

While Jane was running on thus, she had fixed the flowers in her sister’s hair, and held up a small glass for her to see the effect of them, and Maggie, in the eagerness of dress and vanity, had forgotten almost her late sad musings, and was as anxiously employed as her sister in the arrangement of her luxuriant curls. But the mention of his name called up again all the feelings of her heart, and she let her hands droop by her side, and grew pale as she asked—

“Tell me, Jane—do you think I am doin’ right in thryin’ to forget him whom my very heart burns for, even at this minit?”

Her sister looked at her for a moment with astonishment, for her voice was hollow, and she looked, with the white flowers in her hair, as pale as though she were dressed out for the grave.

“Maggie! my dear Maggie! what makes you look so?”

Why do you spake in such a way? What has come over you so suddenly?—is there any thing the matter?”

“No, sither, nothin’—nothin’ to signify—only I feel a pain here—here,” and she placed her hand upon her heart. “I know I should not have so soon larned to forget him—he wouldn’t be so wid me, I dar say: bud no matter, it can’t be helped now—hand me that cup of wather, Jane, an’ don’t say you saw me cry. I’m a wake, foolish poor girl.”

If she felt any further emotion that night, it was concealed effectually, for she laughed and chatted gaily with her sister as they were preparing for rest, and soon sank into a gentle slumber.

Next day, amid the admiring gaze of many a “nate country boy,” and the envying glance of many a village beauty, Maggie Keenan was led to the altar of the pretty little church which is such an ornament to Cullen. Her blushing cheek burned with maiden shame as well as the pride of conscious loveliness, and as she breathed her responses, and felt her fingers tremble in the warm clasp of her excited lover, we will venture fearlessly to assert that not a single corner of her heart was sad with thoughts of the absent one to whom she was behaving so faithlessly. Oh, what a wild, wondrous, and incomprehensible article is the heart of woman!

Feasting and fighting, drinking and dancing, with all the festivities generally attendant on a wedding, concluded the affair; and Maggie, between the adulation she received from every side, and the happiness she saw going on around her, felt as if in an absolute delirium or bewilderment of joy, and laughed, and danced, and made merry with the wildest hearted who were present. There was no “small still voice” within to make her feel the pain of a broken vow, for nothing was there to remind her of the absent one—all was pleasure—every eye met hers with a bright and laughing glance, and every heart seemed resolved, if only for one night, entirely to fling care aside. Such, reader, was the wedding of Maggie Keenan.

Years passed rapidly by, and she became the mother of a lovely boy, who was the sole pledge of their mutual affection, and in the new cares of her wedded life almost totally would have forgotten her absent lover, but for the piece of broken ring, which, with a feeling she could not account for, she still continued to wear about her person. Rumour said that he had fallen a victim to the plague; and it was generally believed;—from his long silence, that he was dead. However, as where there is one opinion there always will be found some one to differ from it, others asserted that he was living still, and would yet return. His step-father had died shortly after his departure, and the farm he held was managed now by his eldest son, with whom Higgins was always a favourite, and who was one of the most anxious in his enquiries after him, but who could not by any means find out where he had been ordered to.

On a scorching day in the middle of the month of June a few idlers were loitering about the door of a public place of entertainment whose sign still swings in Cullen, listlessly observing every one’s approach, and speculating on their different purposes. Suddenly they were silent as a tall figure, evidently worn with the toil of travelling and stooped with fatigue, approached the door round which they were clustered. He wore a faded military uniform, with three stripes on the arm that denoted his rank, and had a scar on his right cheek that showed he had seen some service; but his face was pale and sallow, and his lips blue and thin. “God save you, Sir,” said one of the group as he drew near. “God save you kindly,” he rejoined: “can you tell me if Mr. Keenan is livin’ here still, an’ if he’s in good health?”

“Sorra healthier ould cook undher the sun, sur, as a body may say,” was the answer. “Ever sence his daughter’s weddin’ he looks as iv he’d taken out a new lase.”

At the mention of his daughter’s wedding the fiery blood burst into the soldier’s cheek, and his lip quivered, while his eye blazed and his brow lowered; but habitual caution gave him a command over his features, and in a calm easy manner he asked—

“Which of his daughters did you say was married?”

“Faix, Miss Maggie to be shure; an’ more shame fur

that same, as they say she promised she'd have poor Tom Higgins, who's been gone off this many a day."

The mention of this so rudely and suddenly came like a thunderbolt upon the stranger—he clenched both his hands—uttered a heart-rending ejaculation, and sank powerless on the seat. Surprised at such emotion in a stranger, they examined his lineaments more narrowly, and discovered that, though much changed, it was Tom Higgins himself that stood before them. Upon this, many a hand was outstretched, but not received, and their greetings of welcome were not responded to, for he sat sternly silent, with his arms folded and his eyes fixed on the earth. While they viewed him with astonishment he suddenly sprang up, and asking the way to her residence, which was on the banks of the river outside of the town, he strode off in that direction, as rapidly as if he were fresh and unfatigued.

As he went along, the agonizing expression of his face was indeed fearful, and his lips moved rapidly as he uttered various hasty and unconnected expressions, such as—

"Married—married!—can it be possible! My Maggie! to deceive me thus—after all my labour and my toil, to return and find her false!—To return full of fondness and joy, and find—but no: I hate her—I loathe her, and she shall hear it—I'll tell her so, and fly to the end of the earth."

When he came in sight of the cabin, he left the beaten track, and almost ran along the banks of the river in his eagerness—it was, although midsummer, nearly full of water, and the breeze was not strong enough to agitate its surface even into the tiniest ripples. As he went along, he heard the cheerful voice of a child singing, and caught a glimpse of a female form approaching the spot from whence the sounds issued: then suddenly he heard a quick heavy plash, and one wild and agonizing shriek! It was his Maggie's voice—he would have recognised it in the midst of a thousand, and fearing he knew not what, he rushed on with renewed speed. When he suddenly emerged from behind a clump of trees, Maggie—for it was she indeed—perceived him, and springing madly forward, she caught the hand that shrank from her touch, and screamed wildly,

"Oh my child—my child—save my child!"

A demon gratification at her misery for a second parted his lips with a smile, but then he heard the bubble of the poor boy struggling for his life, and looked upon the distorted lineaments of those features he once so fondly loved, and all his better feelings returned, and he cried—

"Yes, Maggie, thy child shall be saved!"

Then springing into the river just as the boy was sinking, he rescued him, and brought him safe to land.

"The God who witnessed that action will reward you, for I cannot!" sobbed the grateful mother as he laid her frightened but not insensible boy in her arms, and kneeling down beside him, kissed his cherub lips, and parted from his forehead his wet and glossy hair. As he stooped, a ribbon which was round his neck loosened, and some weight at its centre bore it down and it fell upon her lap. She shrieked wildly when she saw it, and gazing intently at his features, muttered inaudibly, "It is him!" and sank back breathless and unconscious—that ribbon bore the piece of broken ring!

He looked with agony on her pale, pale features, and as the little boy cried out, "Mother!" he stooped down and pressed his lips to hers with one long and burning kiss—then raising her gently up, he bore her to the cottage, followed by the child, and was met at the door by her sister. Shocked as she was at Maggie's death-like appearance and the child's dripping clothes, she hardly cast a glance on Higgins till she had laid her sister on the bed—then she turned round, but he was gone!

The ducking the little boy received by his accidental fall had no effect, but Maggie had a violent fever, brought on by the agitation she had suffered, but again recovered; and though she lived many years after, was never observed to laugh with the same gaiety as before, for her spirits had sustained a decided shock. Higgins was never seen afterwards by either of the sisters, for he exchanged into a regiment going to Jamaica, and was believed to have perished there,

DENIS O'DONOH.

TO ERIN.

(From the Belfast Magazine.)

My country!—too long, like the mist on thy mountains,
The cloud of affliction hath sadden'd thy brow:
Too long hath the blood-rain empurpled thy fountains,
And Pity been deaf to thy cries—until now.

Thou wert doom'd for a season in darkness to languish,
While others around thee were basking in light;
Scarce a sunbeam e'er lighten'd the gloom of thy anguish;
In "the Island of Saints," it seem'd still to be night.

Of thy children, alas! some in sorrow forsook thee,
They could not endure to behold thee distress'd;
In "the land of the stranger" did other's o'erlook thee,
Unworthy the life-stream they drew from thy breast.

And the song of the minstrel was hushed in thy bowers;
For Discord's dire trump, thy lov'd harp was thrown by;
While, strong as the ivy that strangled thy towers,
The gripe of oppression scarce left thee a sigh!

That is past—and for aye let its memory perish;
The day-spring arises, while heaviness ends;
Wake, Erin! forbear thy dark bodings to cherish—
The wheel hath revolv'd, and thy fortune ascends!

Yes—thy cause hath been heard—men have wept at thy story—
Alas! that a land of such beauty should mourn!
Have thy children ne'er grac'd the high niches of glory?
Was kindness ne'er known in their bosoms to burn?

Yes, rich as the mines which thy teeming hills nourish,
Are the stores of their genius which nature imparts;
And sweet as the flow'rs in thy valleys that flourish,
The fragrance of feeling that breathes from their hearts!

When stung to despair, in their wildness what wonder
If sometimes their souls from affection might rove?
That frenzy subsiding, their feelings the fonder
Will seek their own halcyon channel of love?

Let the past be forgotten!—Yet shalt thou, fair Erin,
Fling off the base spells which thy spirit enslave;
Thou shalt, like the sea-bird, awhile disappearing,
Emerge with thy plumage more bright from the wave.

Once more 'mong the verdure and dew of thy mountains
The shamrock shall ope its wet eye to the sun,
While fondly the muse shall recline by thy fountains,
And warble her strains to the rills as they run.

And plenty shall smile on thy beautiful valleys,
And peace shall return, the long wandering dove;
And religion, no longer a cover for malice,
Shall spread out her wings o'er an Eden of love.

Then tuning thy mild harp, whose melody slumbers,
As high on the willow it waves in the breeze,
Let poesy lend thee her liveliest numbers,
To sound thy reveillie, thy anthem of praise.

And say unto those that have left thee forsaken—
"Return, oh return, to your lone mother's arms!
Other lands in their sons can a fondness awaken;
Shall Erin alone for her race have no charms!"

"Oh, blush as ye wander, that it e'er should be taunted,
That strangers have felt, what my own could not feel;
That, when Britons stood forth in my trial undaunted,
My children slunk back, unconcerned in my weal!"

"Oh! if yet in your bosom one last spark ye treasure
Of love for the land of your sires—of your birth—
Return! and indulge in the soul-thrilling pleasure,
Of hailing that land 'mong the brightest on earth!"

Then joy to thee, Erin! thy better day breaketh;
The long polar night of thy woes speeds away,
And, as e'er thy chill breast the warm sunlight awaketh,
Each bud of refinement evolves in the ray.

Yet remember—the blossom is barren and fleeting,
As long as the canker of strife, unsubdued,
With its poisonous tooth at the core remains eating—
If e'er thou art glorious, thou first must be good.